And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or ſpangled ſtarlight ſheene,
But they do ſquare, that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.
Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knauiſh ſpirit,
Call'd *Robin good-fellow*. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,
Skim milke, and ſometimes labour in the querne,
And bootleſſe make the breathleſſe huſwife cherne,
And ſometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Miſ-leade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Thoſe that hobgoblin call you, and ſweete Puck,
You do their worke, and they ſhall haue good lucke.
Are not you he? (the night,
Rob. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright; I am that merry wanderer of
I ieaſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horſe beguile;
Neighing in likeneſſe of a ſilly foale,
And ſometime lurke I in a goſſips bole,
In very likeneſſe of a roſted crab,
And when ſhe drinkes, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop poure the ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three foote ſtoole, miſtaketh me,
Then ſlip I from her bum, downe topples ſhe,
And tailour cryes, and fals into a coffe,
And then the whole Quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſweare,
A merrier houre was neuer waſted there.
But roome Fairy, here comes *Oberon*.
Fai. And here my miſtreſſe: would that he were gone.
Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.
Ob. Ill met by moone-light, proud *Tytania*.

Queen.

Queene. What, iealous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.
I haue forſworne his bed and company.
Ob. Tarry raſh wanton; am not I thy Lord?
Qu. Then I muſt be thy Lady: but I know
When thou haſt ſtollen away from Fairy Land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin*, ſat all day,
Playing on pipes of corne, and verſing loue,
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here
Come from the farthеſt ſteepe of *India*?
But that forſooth the bouncing *Amazon*,
Your buskind miſtreſſe, and your warrior loue,
To *Theſeus* muſt be wedded; and you come,
To giue their bed ioy and proſperity.
Ob. How canſt thou thus for ſhame, *Tytania*,
Glance at my credite, with *Hippolita*?
Knowing I know thy loue to *Theſeus*.
Didſt not thou leade him through the glimmering n
From *Perigenia*, whom he rauiſhed?
And make him with faire Eagles breake his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?
Queen. Theſe are the forgeries of iealouſie,
And neuer ſince the middle Sommers ſpring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forreſt or mead,
By paued fountaine, or by ruſhy brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling winde,
But with thy brawles thou haſt diſturbd our ſport.
Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue ſuckt vp from the ſea,
Contagious fogs; which falling in the Land,
Hath euery pelting riuer made ſo proud,
That they haue ouer-borne their Continents.
The Oxe hath therefore ſtretcht his yoke in vaine,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the greene Corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attaind a beard: